Hast. Whats a clocke?
Mess. Vpon the stroke of foure.
Hast. Cannot thy Master sleepe these tedious nights?
Mess. So it should seeme by that I haue to say:
First he commends him to your noble Lordship.
Hast. And then. *Mes.* And then he sends you word.
He dreamt to night the beare had raste his helme:
Besides, he saies there are two councels held,
And that may be determined at the one,
Which may make you and him to rewe at the other,
Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure:
If presently you will take horse with him,
And with all speede post into the North,
To shun the danger that his soule diuines.
Hast. Go fellow go, returne vnto thy Lord,
Bid him not feare the seperated counsels:
His honour and my selfe are at the one,
And at the other, is my seruant Catesby:
Where nothing can proceede that toucheth vs,
Whereof I shall not haue intelligence.
Tell him his feares are shallow, wanting instance.
And for his dreames, I wonder he is so fond,
To trust the mockery of vnquiet slumbers,
To flie the boare, before the boare pursues vs,
Were to incense the boare to follow vs,
And make pursuite where he did meane no chase:
Go bid thy Master rise and come to me,
And we will both together to the tower,
Where he shall see the boare will vse vs kindely.
Mess. My gratious Lo: Ile tell him what you say. *Enter*
Cat. Many good morrowes to my noble Lo: (*Catesby.*
Hast. Good morrow Catesby, you are early stirring,
What newes what newes, in this our tottering state?
Cat. It is a reeling world indeede my Lo:
And I beleeue it will neuer stand vpright,
Till Richard weare the garland of the Realme.
Hast. Howe? weare the garland? doest thou meane the
Cat. I my good Lord. (crowne?
Hast.

Hast. Ile haue this crowne of mine, cut from my shoul-
Ere I will see the crowne so foule misplaste: (ders
But canst thou guesse that he doth aime at it.
Cat. Vpon my life my Lo: and hopes to find you forward,
Vpon his party for the gaine thereof,
And thereupon he sends you this good newes,
That this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene must die at Pomfret.
Hast. Indeede I am no mourner for that newes,
Because they haue beene still mine enemies:
But that Ile giue my voice on Richards side,
To barre my Masters heires in true discent,
God knowes I will not doe it to the death.
Cat. God keepe your Lordship in that gratious minde.
Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelue month hence,
That they who brought me in my Masters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their tragedy:
I tell thee Catesby. *Cat.* What my Lord?
Hast. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
Ile send some packing, that yet thinke not on it.
Cat. Tis a vile thing to die my gratious Lord,
When men are vnprepard and looke not for it.
Hast. O Monstrous monstrous, and so fals it out
With Riuers, Vaughan, Gray, and so twill doe
With some men els, who thinke themselues as safe
As thou, and I, who as thou knowest are deare
To Princely Richard, and to Buckingham.
Cat. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.
Hast. I know they doe, and I haue well deserued it.
Enter Lord Stanley.
What my Lo: where is your boare-speare man?
Feare you the boare and go so vnprouided?
Stan. My Lo: good morrow: good morrow Catesby:
You may iest on: but by the holy roode.
I doe not like these seuerall councels I.
Hast. My Lo: I hould my life as deare as you doe yours,
And neuer in my life I doe protest,

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